

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

A cordial invitation is extended to strangers who belong to any of these organizations to visit meetings when in town.

OXFORD LODGE, F. & A. M. No. 18, meets in Masonic Hall, Monday evening, on or before full moon. Harry F. Fawcett, W. M.; H. D. Smith, Sec'y.

OXFORD LODGE, No. 20, meets in Masonic Hall, Wednesday evening, on or before full moon. Harry F. Fawcett, W. M.; H. D. Smith, Sec'y.

OXFORD LODGE, No. 1, Ark Mariners, meets in Masonic Hall, Wednesday after the full moon. Eugene F. Smith, Wm. Pat.; Albert J. Stearns, Recorder.

NORWAY LODGE, No. 16, I. O. O. F., meets in their hall every Tuesday evening. F. D. Briggs, N. G.; C. G. Mason, Sec'y.

WILDEY ENCAMPMENT, No. 21, I. O. O. F., meets in their hall the second and fourth Friday evenings of each month. Henry B. Foster, G. P.; C. G. Mason, Sec'y.

Mr. Hovey's Lodge, No. 58, I. O. O. F., meets in Odd Fellows' Hall the first and third Friday evenings of each month. Magie Z. Libby, N. G.; Ada A. Libby, Rec. Sec'y.

HARRY REEF LODGE, No. 54, G. A. R., meets in G. A. R. Hall, on the third Friday evening of each month. E. H. Brown, Com.; S. A. Bennett, Adm.; W. S. Corwell, G. M.

PENNSYLVANIA LODGE, No. 18, K. of P., meets in their hall, Hathaway Block, every Thursday evening. J. L. Miller, C. C.; Wesley H. Ginn, K. of R. & S.

A. O. NOYES COMPANY, No. 12, U. R. K. of P., meets in Fyfe Hall, the third Friday evening of each month. O. M. Cummings, G. M.; Wesley H. Ginn, Sir Knight Recorder.

NORWAY LODGE, No. 22, H. O. G. G., meets 2nd and 4th Wednesday evenings of each month. Geo. L. Jackson, N. G.; Lucella Merriam, K. of R.

LAKESIDE LODGE, No. 17, N. E. O. P., meets in G. A. R. Hall, on the first and third Wednesday evenings of each month. O. M. Cummings, Grand; Frank E. Williams, Secretary.

NORWAY AND SOUTH PARIS COUNCIL, No. 10, O. U. A. M., meets at 8 o'clock, G. H. Wymann, councilor; E. R. Howard, recording secretary.

FIRST UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, Rev. C. E. Angell, Pastor. Services begin at 10 o'clock, Sunday school at 12 and Young People's Christian Union at 7 o'clock. Strangers are cordially invited.

BAPTIST CHURCH, Rev. H. A. Roberts, Pastor. Preaching service at 2 o'clock, P. M.; Sabbath School at 9 o'clock, P. M.; Prayer-meeting Friday, 7:30, P. M.

CHRIST CHURCH, Norway, Rev. Marcus H. Carroll, A. B. Morning service and sermon at 10 o'clock. Celebration of the Holy Communion on the first and third Sunday of the month. A cordial invitation extended to all-seats free.

NORWAY SAVINGS BANK, MAIN STREET, NORWAY, ME. Money loaned on good security, at reasonable rates.

C. S. TUCKER, Pres. S. S. STEARNS, Treas.

CHAS. E. HOLT, Counsellor at Law, Hathaway Block, Norway, Me.

KIMBALL & SON, Attorneys at Law, Grange Block, Norway, Me.

S. S. STEARNS, Attorney at Law, Savings Bank Building, Norway, Me.

E. E. HASTINGS. C. C. WARREN.

HASTINGS & WARREN, Counsellors and Attorneys at Law, Fryeburg, Oxford County, Maine.

S. A. STEVENS, CIVIL ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR, Lock Box 171, Norway, Me.

Special attention to the re-erecting of old lines. All lines re-erected by solar compass. Estimates furnished and correspondence solicited.

DR. C. L. BUCK, DENTIST, 23 South Paris, Me. Teeth extracted without pain by my new method, guaranteed perfectly harmless. All our best work warranted.

C. E. TOLMAN'S Insurance Agency, Fire, Life and Accident, 26A Market Square, South Paris.

G. P. JONES & SON, DENTISTS, Beal Block, 5th NORWAY, ME.

A. I. LAWRENCE, ARCHITECT, Wertheim Bldg., South Paris, Me. Plans and Specifications for all classes of building, steam and hot water heating plants, electric lighting for buildings, plumbing, etc. Refer to R. W. Sanborn, or C. L. Hathaway, Norway, Me.

FRED J. WOOD, CIVIL ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR, SNOWS' FALLS, ME. Lines accurately run at moderate cost and plots furnished when desired.

FARM FOR SALE, Farm in town of Paris on East Oxford road, two and one-half miles from South Paris depot. The farm contains two hundred acres, large wood lot, orchards, the tillage land all south east. The buildings are in good repair. Stock and farming tools also for sale. Can be bought at any time. Apply on the farm or write to H. M. JERREY, South Paris, Me.

Store to Let, Store situated on the Corner of Pleasant and Water Streets, and known as the "Old Crockett Store." One of the best locations for a general retail store there is in Norway. Cause of going out of business, poor health. All those having accounts with the firm are requested to settle by the first of August, 1898. J. V. FULLER, 1820 Norway, Me., April 15, 1898.

Mill for Sale at a Bargain, For sawing shooks, spool stook, box boards and apple barrels. A good chance for business. For particulars enquire at address S. S. STEARNS, Norway, Me.

NOTICE TO OUR PATRONS AND FRIENDS: I have purchased the interest of my partner and shall continue the grocery business alone. Next week I shall have an experienced assistant and hope to give better service than in the past. Thanking you all for your kindness and patronage in the past, I trust I may receive a continuance of the same. Very respectfully, CHAS. A. WILLEY

EAST OXFORD.

Hon. George O. Robinson, wife and daughter Florence are at their farm for the summer.

A very successful term of school, which was taught by Mrs. Ada Pratt closed, last Friday. After the exercises, which were very fine, all the scholars and parents were invited to her home where ice cream and cake were served. Music was furnished by Mrs. Addie Cummings.

Miss Long, with her school on Pigeon Hill, their parents and friends, 28 in number, had a picnic on the shore of Trip Pond, called Klondike. They had some nice boat rides. A table was bountifully spread with a variety of good things to eat. Nice ice cream was furnished by Mrs. King.

Mason-Wheeler.

At the home of Mr. and Mrs. Elbridge G. Wheeler, Bethel, at nine o'clock Thursday forenoon, occurred the wedding of their daughter, Minnie E. Wheeler, and I. Wallace Mason of Mexico, formerly of Bethel. Many friends and relatives were present and a dainty collation was served after the ceremony. Rev. F. E. Barton officiated. Mr. and Mrs. Mason left on the forenoon train for a short wedding tour. After their return they will reside in Mexico. The presents were numerous.

Miss Wheeler is a well-known teacher and her father is among Bethel's most prominent farmers and business men. He has held many town offices. Mr. Mason is the son of the late Wm. W. Mason of Bethel.

The Easy Food, Easy to Buy, Easy to Cook, Easy to Eat, Easy to Digest. Quaker Oats At all grocers in 2-lb. pkgs. only

J. W. HOLDEN wants and advertises for a housekeeper. Who wants the place? Call on him or write him. Direct, E. Otisfield. Age between 15 and 60.

FOR SALE OR TO LET. The buildings lately occupied by E. A. Holbrook, consisting of carpenter, blacksmith and paint shop. Also stable situated at Otisfield, Me. Apply to DEXTER NUTTING, Otisfield P. O. or to 25-28 G. W. G. DAVIS, owner, Oakes, Maine.

STATE OF MAINE. EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT. August 2, 1898. Notice is hereby given that a Petition for the Parole of Levi Frost, a convict in the Maine State Prison, has been filed in the Maine State Prison, and is now pending before the Governor and Council, and a hearing thereon will be granted in the Council Chamber at 10 o'clock, on Wednesday, the 27th day of July, next at 10 o'clock, P. M.

BYRON BOYD, Secretary of State.

HIGHLAND DAIRY FARM Has increased its products of butter. Healthy cows, cleanly kept and properly feed makes a superior article. Address J. A. ROBERTS, Norway.

FOR SALE OR TO RENT. Mill property on Union street, Berlin, N. H. Building 40 x 15 ft., 2 story and basement, now fitted with 16 h. p. gasoline engine and belt mill; wood yard connected operated by same power. Easily converted into any kind of manufacturing business. 200 feet of land fronting G. T. Ry. siding. Fine facilities for handling freight. Free opportunity for business. For terms apply to Greenleaf, Page & Doe Co., Berlin, N. H.

GLASSES TO FIT ANY EYE. Samuel Richards, SOUTH PARIS

CURE ALL YOUR PAINS WITH Pain-Killer. A Medicine Chest in Itself. Simple, Safe and Quick Cure for CRAMPS, DIARRHOEA, COUGHS, COLDS, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA. 25 and 50 cent Bottles. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. BUY ONLY THE GENUINE. PERRY DAVIS

Harmony in the human system means all organs working in perfect accord with one another. Digestion is the foundation of it all. Keep the stomach, liver, and bowels right.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Evans went to Bolster Mills, Saturday.

E. L. Libby of Deering was the guest of J. W. Perry, Friday.

Mrs. O. P. Sanders and Wilson Jewell have been on the sick list.

John Jewell went to Harrison, Monday, to work for Morrill Lane.

Morrill Jewell moved his family to Chatham, N. M., the past week.

Maie King and Abbie Woodbury are at home from Fryeburg Academy.

Wm. Saunders is just recovering from a severe attack of rheumatism.

A party of our young people went to the Summit Spring, Harrison, picnic dinner—a nice time and ride.

An Enterprising Druggist. There are few men more wide awake and enterprising than Norway Drug Store Co., Norway, and F. A. Shurtliff, South Paris, who spare no pains to secure the best of everything in their line for their many customers. They now have the valuable agency for Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. This is the wonderful remedy that is producing such a furor all over the country by its many startling cures, absolutely cures Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness and all affections of the Throat, Chest and Lungs. Call at above drug stores and get a trial bottle free or a regular size for 50 cents and \$1.00. Guaranteed to cure or price refunded.

One of the speakers at the Westbrook Seminary commencement dinner was ex-Governor Penhag of Paris. A Dixfield girl, Abby Marsh Howe, was graduated from the English course.

Written for the Advertiser.

Culture.

It is the age we live that we know least; the religion in which we are reared that we seldom question, the man or woman whom we are in love with, are those whose character we are most ignorant.

Just so with words. We take our knowledge of their meaning for granted, especially when they seem to come from the heart with apparent sincerity. Culture, although a term which is on everybody's lips, is to most of us little more than a counter or an algebraic x.

The idea usually associated with its sound is about as definite as the appearance and boundaries of the country suggested by the term America immediately after the discovery of Columbus. To some the word has a vague and general suggestion of accomplishments—perhaps a superficial musical education and a showy acquaintance with literature, an ability to murder the last popular opera and to quote sentimental passages from "Lancelotti." To others culture is synonymous with education. Still others would distinguish between common school and higher education, dignifying only the latter by the name of culture.

It would be difficult to say which opinion is farthest from the true one. Culture differs both from accomplishments and from education as ordinarily understood. Accomplishment is for effect. Education is for use. Culture is for neither, although it may and should incidentally gain both. All showy accomplishments, all utilitarian education, is outside the boundaries of culture.

Culture differs from what is not culture—not in the things taught, not in greater advancement, nor even in the manner of teaching. There is a distinction in the spirit of the learning which lies in the spirit of the learner.

Though pure literature and art are rightly considered its especial departments, it is because, in the nature of things, these branches can have little direct reference to utility. All accomplishments are tainted by love of show—all education untouched by utilitarian intentions is culture. Culture for culture's sake is its single motive, and the ability to see and admire what is great and noble is its only reward.

It gives fineness of feeling and delicacy of discernment, and it induces a certain serenity and equipoise of mental attitude. It is a certain mellowness of soul, intangible flavor, delicate as the perfume of a flower, and as noble as the unexpressed charm of a pure and noble love. While it broadens and mellows, it gives a sharp edge to life. It is not, as usually understood, an artificial, hot-house production; an external garish, or in anywise opposed to the natural. It is rather the tearing away of the veil that blurs our vision; the rolling back of the stone under which he buried our highest powers of thought and imagination.

C. H. WISWELL.

Deafness Cannot be Cured. By local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by a constitutional remedy. Deafness is caused by a local inflammation of the mucous lining of the Eustachian tube. When this tube is inflamed, you have a running sound or imperfect hearing, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed. Deafness is a case out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian tube.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness cured by our medicine. Send for circulars free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

WATERFORD. Temple Hill.—Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Keene are spending a few days in Bridgeport.

Roy Skinner has had a bad time with a lame back.

F. H. Morse commenced haying, June 30. He is alone on time.

Mrs. M. E. Cram of Milton Mills, N. H., came, Monday night, to spend a part of her vacation with her sister, Mrs. G. L. Kilgore.

School closed, Friday. Much honor must be given to the teacher and scholars for their earnest work this term, for the nice flag and the two entertainments.

EAST BROWNFIELD. J. E. Clement has moved into his new house.

Lemuel Bradbury is putting up a barn on his lot near the station.

W. H. Stickney and family have returned to their home in Brownfield, for the summer.

Mrs. Bachelard of East Baldwin is visiting her father, Hiram G. Bachelard. Mrs. Bachelard is recovering from a long and severe illness.

The students and teachers who have been out of town for the spring schools are returning for the summer vacation. Among the recent arrivals are George Bailey, Cora Giles and Edwin Giles.

SWEDEN. Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Evans went to Bolster Mills, Saturday.

E. L. Libby of Deering was the guest of J. W. Perry, Friday.

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GROVER HILL.

A. L. Whitman has a new wagon. S. A. Lyons has a man cutting cord wood for him.

Miss I. M. Haselton is somewhat improved in health.

A beautiful rainbow, Sunday evening, between 6 and 7 o'clock.

R. R. Mayberry is boarding a wood chopper, for a few weeks.

Lysander Ordway was at J. B. Peaslee's, Saturday and Sunday.

J. M. Philbrook was in this section buying lumps, last Saturday.

We recently saw Mrs. F. J. Tyler, after her husband's pretty pony.

True Brown was at home from Waterford on an errand, one night last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert B. Grover visited friends in Albany, a few days last week.

Mrs. May Haines and little son Parker spent Sunday with friends in Lewiston.

L. C. Stearns esq., of Caribou, recently presented his sister Emma, with a check for \$50.

Marion Bennett, who has been away for a few weeks, is enjoying a vacation at home.

School in this district is suspended owing to the illness of the teacher Miss Hazelton.

Mrs. Ada E. Russell, Haverhill, Mass., is visiting her parents during the summer months.

We learn that Mrs. Harriet Wheeler is anticipating a visit from her sister and niece, this summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Vannie Blake of Milan, N. H., have been to visit their daughter, Mrs. Albert Whitman.

Marion Bennett is contemplating a visit with her sister, Mrs. Gertie Barnard, Belknap Falls, Vt.

Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Jordan and little daughter are the guests at the home of Freeland Bennett and family.

S. J. Walker is driving Levi Bartlett's pretty young horse, Starline. He has been driving Amelia Grover's Daniel Boone.

We learn that Marion E. Bennett, is contemplating a visit with her sister Mrs. E. L. Barnard Belknap Falls, Vt. in the near future.

Harry Emery of Percy, N. H., was at this place, last week, selling Perfection Mop Wringers. It is by far the best mop wringer I ever saw.

Mrs. Abiah Bennett, who has been quite sick, is at the present time convalescing. She is spending the summer at the home of her son Freeland.

Four generations are represented at the home of Freeland Bennett at the present time, and are as follows: Mrs. Abiah Bennett and her son Freeland and his daughter Mrs. M. A. Jordan and her little daughter Gladys, Lillian.

Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Jordan and little daughter are the guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. Bennett while Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Sawin accompanied by Winfield Browne, visited at Mr. and Mrs. Alice Sawin's, in Gilead, Saturday and Sunday.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson.

Julian Lodge, No. 12, D. of R.

It was my good fortune to go to Westbrook, the 21st of June, with Julian Lodge, D. of R. of Fryeburg, which I have the honor of being a member. We took Willey's stage at this village at half past four a. m. (That is quite a treat as I have not been up so early for ten years.)

At Fryeburg we found the rest of our party in waiting. Taking the train we arrived in Westbrook at 8 a. m., where we found Naomi Lodge in waiting. It was a happy meeting with old friends. After greetings were exchanged, both lodges took special electric cars to the hotel. The big white ant and little red ant seem particularly fond of tooth-powder, and not a vestige would be left in the morning if a wash-stand rested directly upon the floor. Tiny little green and yellow lizards used to dart about among the books on the table, after the lamps were lighted, devouring the insects, which swarmed around the lights. Occasionally one of these lizards would drop from the ceiling, alighting with a resounding "smack."

We slept on strips of matting, spread over cane-seated couches, the legs of which rested in bowls of water to prevent visits from centipedes, tarantulas, white ants and other tropical gentry, that cannot be kept out of the houses. Wash-stands, sideboards and refrigerators are protected in the same way.

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A third call for volunteers is being discussed,—150,000 men.

Railroad Engineer Testifies to Benefits Received From Dr. Miles' Remedies.

There is no more responsible position on earth than that of a railroad engineer. On his steady nerves, clear brain, bright eye and perfect self command, depend the safety of the train and the lives of its passengers. Dr. Miles' Nervine and other remedies are especially adapted to keeping the nerves steady, the brain clear and the mental faculties unimpaired.

Engineer F. W. McCoy, formerly of 1323 Broadway, Council Bluffs, and now residing at 3411 Humboldt St., Denver, writes that he suffered for years from constipation, causing sick, nervous and bilious headaches and Nerve & Liver Pills. He heartily recommends Dr. Miles' Remedies.

Dr. Miles' Remedies are sold by all druggists under a positive guarantee. No bottle benefits or money refunded. Book on diseases of the heart and nerves free. Address—DR. MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

Madge S. Wilson, 95, South Paris, has had A. M. conferred from Colby. Janet C. Stephens of Norway Lake a prize for senior excellence in composition and declamation.

End of an Elopement. Mrs. Emma A. Fogg, who went from her home and husband in Hartford about the last of May, has been found. She eloped with William Gouthier of Gouthierville. Turner, who had been working at the Fogg farm, had found Odlin found her working in a boarding house at Lisbon Falls, where she had hired out while Gouthier went off. She and Gouthier finally had trouble and he had returned to his home in Turner, leaving the woman to get along as she might. She returned with the officer to Hartford.

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TON PAINT.
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ATHAWAY,
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STANT RELIEF.
 icks, colic, Cholera
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REAL NICE TO TAKE.
 MEDICINE CO., Norway, Me.

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YPOLE SOAP
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No Trouble.

YPOLE SOAP
 icks & DYES

S AND DYES
OPERATION
ANY COLOR.

Fastest Dye for
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 etc.

Sold by Grocers and
 or mailed free
 15 cents.

YPOLE SOAP DEPOT
 Street, New York.

WINSLOW,
 S. F. Stearns)
AY, ME.
 General Job Teaming
 ights promptly and at ex-
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 or address postal card
 15c

HEELER & Co.,
 and Accident

RANCE
RGANS, ETC.
IS, ME.

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WITHOUT PAIN

ers Constant Use.

HARMLESS!

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E. Drake,

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IS, ME.



You Can Cook

anything on a Vapor Stove bet-
 ter than you can cook it on any
 stove—Roast, Toast, Fry, Bake
 or Boil. The fire is al-
 ways under perfect control.
 Never too hot or too cold. The
 meals are always right on time
 —right in every way. There is
 less labor with a

Vapor Stove

because it makes no dirt. There
 is less expense with a vapor
 stove because there is no waste.
 Stove gasoline is the cheapest,
 most efficient fuel science has
 ever discovered. Over 2,000,000
 women are using it to-day with
 perfect comfort. Why don't you?
 If your dealer does not sell Vapor
 Stove and Stove Gasoline, write to the
 Standard Oil Company, New York City.

FARM FOR SALE.

A very desirable farm of fifty acres of good
 land situated at Norway Lake. One half-mile
 from stores, post office, blacksmith shop, steam
 saw mill, grist mill, schoolhouse, proposed elec-
 tric railroad now partly graded. Farm cuts a
 large amount of hay for its size. Good drives
 in all directions. If you have been looking for
 a nicely situated place for a home you can find
 here. Plenty of fruit, good, handy buildings,
 everything convenient. Possession given im-
 mediately if desired. Call on or address
 D. A. GORHAM, Norway Lake, Me.

UP TO DATE - - - WATCH WORK

At popular prices. No watch too difficult
 for us to repair.

H. H. BURNHAM,
 The Watch Expert,
 15 Main Street, Norway, Maine.

SECOND HAND STEAM PIPE.

I have several thousand feet of steam pipe
 and many fittings for sale. Pipe in sizes from
 1 1/2 inch up to 12 inches in diameter. Also 1
 second and valves. Will be sold cheap in
 quantities to suit the purchasers. Call on or
 address
 GEORGE A. COLE, Norway, Me.

CABINETS, \$1.25 A DOZEN.

Not cheap work, but the best pictures on best
 stock which will not fade.

CRAYONS, WATER COLORS, PICTURE FRAMES.
 All styles at half price.
CHASE, Brown St.



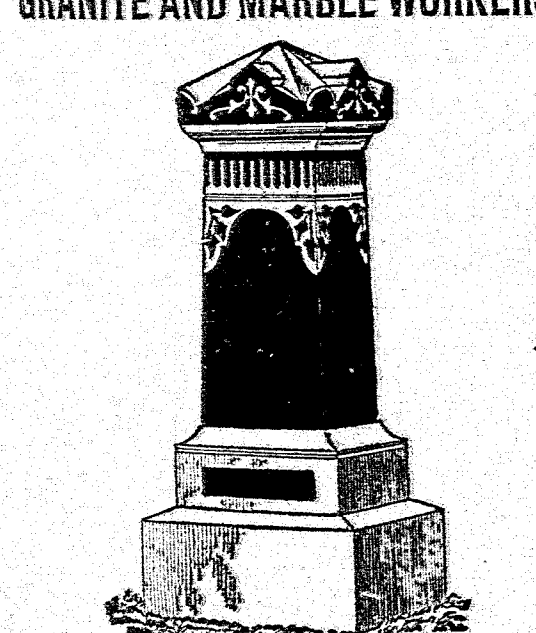
PORTLAND STEAMSHIP BOSTON STEAMERS

Daily Service Sundays Included
 THE NEW AND PALATIAL STEAMERS
BAY STATE AND PORTLAND
 alternately leave FRANKLIN WHARF, Portland,
 every evening at 7 o'clock, arriving in season
 for connecting with earliest trains for points
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 Returning steamers leave Boston every even-
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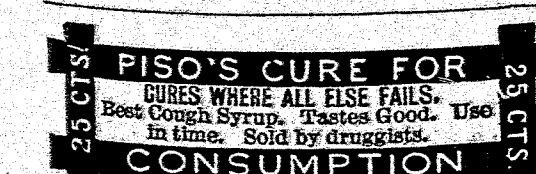
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 See our work. Get our prices.
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HAMMOCKS

At Hobb's Variety Store.

63 cts, 65 cts, 75 cts, \$1.00, \$1.05,
 \$1.40, \$2.25, 2.60, \$2.75.



PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

25 CENTS

Our Boys and Girls.

A poem written by N. S. Baker for the flag
 raising at the new schoolhouse on Bear River.

God bless our boys and girls. In this fair land
 They for its future welfare ever stand;
 The past by sages people, old and gray,
 A well read book is closed and put away.
 The present claims with its urgent needs,
 Fruitful of blossoms ripening noble deeds.
 The future will give the worth,
 The glory and the brightness of the morn.
 Our boys and girls, of home the joy and light,
 The pledge of schoolmarm's, their form and
 What if from home's bright circle they were
 missed?
 The lips that mothers have so often kissed?
 The children's roguish pranks were better
 borne,
 Than from our lives these beings torn,
 Ye doomed by fate to solitude's dull sway,
 Like some lone tree marked by a sure decay,
 With never hope's bright buds of youthful
 cheer.
 To weave their blossoms round us, waiting
 here,
 God bless our boys and girls, they bring us
 care,
 They bring us burdens, too, heavy to bear,
 But sweets of love and hopes that fadeless
 shine
 With them are born, about their beings twine,
 If Heaven be love, and love comes down from
 Heaven,
 Then are they for a holy purpose given.—
 For them is home's sweet altar set apart,
 Whereon is burned the incense of the heart;
 For them love stretches o'er life's waste of
 sands,
 To smooth the way, her tender hands
 For them we build the schoolhouse and unfold
 For them the pedagogues their scopes wide,
 And schoolmarm's muster their hands afield;
 For them the riches of the earth outpour
 For them—what should I say to make them more?
 Jewels there are and stars that fadeless shine,
 Beyond all earthly ken, in crown divine.
 The best of earth, the acme of our joys,
 God bless and keep our precious girls and boys.

He had to advantage,
 The first one on the scene,
 He did not pull his vest down,
 And no one called him green.
 The pick of all creation,
 To make his claim out there,
 No worry but the jumpers
 A-trying for a share.
 He could not help preying,
 The choicest corner lot,
 And wading uninvited
 Where blessings flowed unsought.
 But something there was lacking,
 That makes life's chiefest joy;
 He never could turn backward,
 To be just once a boy.
 What urchin rough and ready
 Would swap for Adam's abode,
 The tricks that's so delightful—
 Make feet and pulses dance?
 Would he give up the mother,
 Her touch so soft and sweet,
 Though worlds were spread before him
 Or laid down at his feet?
 Something to come to manhood,
 Something to be a man,
 This is the boy's ambition,
 His hobby and his plan.
 But oh, there's fun a plenty
 To fill the waiting hours,
 While beard is slowly sprouting,
 To grace his manly powers.
 Home has its sweet allurements,
 Even mother's chiding hand
 Is not discounted lightly,
 When spanking's in demand.
 Then school affords its pleasures,
 The girls, too, they are there,
 As bright as flowers in blossom,
 Like roses sweet and fair.
 'Tis true God pined Adam,
 And for his lonely state,
 Wrought out his glorious fashion
 An Eve to be his mate.
 But now, my boys, this question
 The subject seems to fit,
 If you could all be Adam,
 Would you consent to it?
 I'm sure without the asking,
 'Tis easy to believe,
 The lasses so bewitching
 Would none be more than Eve.
 There's joy in childhood's station,
 Its simple pleasures, too,
 With duties interwoven,
 Make life both grand and true.
 The home root spreads its shelter,
 For youth's untarnished brow,
 And love the guardian angel
 Is breathing there her vow.
 They gather round the fireside,
 A happy, careless throng sum
 Whose voices are the music
 That breathes life's sweetest song.
 They come within the schoolroom,
 Where knowledge holds the fort,
 Like courtiers pledged and banded
 To pay their legal court.
 We bid them hearty welcome,
 We give them honest cheer,
 Our boys and girls, God bless them
 May they be always here.
 Beneath the starlit banner
 Our hands have raised to-day,
 With voice and heart uplifted,
 For native land we pray.
 As sweeps the mountain breeze
 Down through the valley fair,
 It floats, the holy emblem
 Of Liberty up there.
 'Tis meet those folds should flutter,
 From schoolhouse spire unfurled,
 The flag that stands unquestioned
 For Freedom of the world.
 Above the starry heavens
 Look down from their grand height,
 But lo, the outspread banner
 Churns us with nearer light.
 Up, children, with your greetings,
 Your voices lift on high;
 Pledge to the starry banner
 True service till we die.
 Where sweep Atlantic's surges,
 It holds the rocky shore,
 On mountain height is planted,
 And cities grand waves o'er.
 It rides the Arctic breeze
 And proudly floats and gleams,
 Where Northern lights flash upwards
 The swift, mysterious beams.
 Above the blue Pacific,
 Along its rounding shore,
 Where cities swarm, and basking
 Sets lions, deep voiced, roar—
 Above the rivers shining,
 Above the lakes' broad spread,
 Wherever Freedom's cohorts
 Have marched with steady tread,—
 Behold our country's banner,
 Long have its folds held sway,
 Out-flung by hands of freemen,
 To lead in smoke of battle,
 Through fiery clash was heard,
 And war's dread thunder muttering,
 Their murmur echoes stirred.
 Proudly the stars uplifted,
 Swept up to Freedom's height;
 The stripes were for the foe men,
 The vanquished in the fight.
 Where sounds of deadly conflict
 Rose up to fill the earth,
 And hoofs in battle meeting,
 Surged madly back and forth,
 Above the banded freemen
 Our banner stars shone bright,
 And through the death-hail valley
 Led up to Freedom's height.
 Our banner of our country
 That says a nation's birth,
 Freedom's folds with trust and tongue,
 Freedom is calling to the earth.
 Long has it waved while stars are
 Their light have shed upon its folds;
 Though oft by battle's storms assailed,
 Its old-time place yet proudly holds.
 Only when traitor hands hung down
 Its trailing folds low in the dust,
 The starlit banner drooped and paled,
 As if by mortal hand it must.
 Yet, hatched in fresh baptismal blood,
 On many a field historic grown,
 Where brothers met in battle shock,
 Where should have met in peace alone,
 It still waves on with undimmed light,
 The beacon set on high for all to see,
 Though rolled by battle, torn and rent,
 No star has faded or left fall.
 In lands that feel the north wind's kiss,—
 Where southern breezes softly gleams,
 It matters not for that or this,
 The sturdy banner waves on high.
 For us beside these mountain streams,
 For us beneath our flag the stars,
 And when the sunbeams brightly gleams,
 The stripes hold out their shining bars.
 God bless the banner of our light,
 Long may its folds above us wave,
 When tyrants force their prison bars,
 When tyrants force their prison bars,
 Be swift to shield and strong to save.
 Float out, oh, banner of the free,
 Beneath the due arch of the sky;
 The hosts are gathering at the call,
 In battle's hour to do or die.
 Mountain and prairie own thy sway,
 On distant seas where Dewey strove,
 The pride of Spain has passed away,
 While still thy stars are bright above.
 Far down on Cuba's sea-girt shore,
 They lead the vanguard of the free,
 Where death lurks in the tropic glades,
 In war's dread imagery.

Lead on, oh, banner of pure light,
 Till that fair land shall be
 Purged of oppression's awful blight,
 And made forever free.
 Lead on, to rescue wasted fields,
 Where ruined homes in ashes lie,
 And starving souls of crime by fields,
 Have laid them down, at last, to die.
 Lead on till Spain's proud will shall bow
 To Freedom's foot, and Old One's bow,
 And they shall read God's will aright,
 Even through War's red hands.
 Float on wherever children come
 To make the schoolroom bright,
 Above them wave the red and blue,
 Close folded with a white,
 Safe are its starry folds upheld
 By generous hands of youth—
 God bless our flag, our boys and girls,
 And keep them true to truth.

HARRISON.

Howard Randall has bought a hay
 press.
 Mrs. Marshall Jordan is sojourning at
 Old Orchard.
 Mrs. Victor Jordan has been visiting
 friends in Minot.
 Daniel Wentworth is visiting his son
 George at Westbrook.
 Mrs. A. S. Thomas was recently visit-
 ed by her daughter, Mrs. F. R. Pike of
 Cornish.
 Albert Kneeland has bought Mrs.
 Joseph Kilgore's house at the head of
 Long Lake.

The Harrison Water Power Co., has
 sold the "Swain Houses" by Bear river
 to Walter Caswell.
 Elmer L. Cole is at home for a vaca-
 tion. He is book keeper for the Lovell
 Arms Co. at South Portland.

The children of Mr. and Mrs. Nathan
 Denison of Boston are visiting their
 grandfather, S. H. Dawes.

Adelbert Buck had an old-fashioned
 barn raising, the other day. Nathaniel
 Warren is master workman.

A. P. Clark of Bartlett, N. H., recent-
 ly visited his old Bridgton Academy
 chum, Wilmot Walker. He is principal
 of the graded school at Glen Station.

Prof. Benj. J. Fitz of the University
 of Colorado, Boulder, Colo., is visiting
 his parents, Rev. and Mrs. A. S. Fitz.
 He is in excellent health, much better
 than when he went West.

Principal A. F. Richardson of Castine
 Normal School and family are at their
 summer home. Their eldest child, A.
 Mabel Richardson, was class prophet at
 Hebron Academy's recent graduation of
 a class numbering 45.

How to Look Good.

Good looks are really more than skin
 deep, depending entirely on a healthy
 condition of all the vital organs. If the
 liver is inactive, you have a bilious look;
 if your stomach is disordered, you have
 a dyspeptic look; if your kidneys are
 affected, you have a pinched look. Se-
 cure good health, and you will surely
 have good looks. "Electric Bitters" is
 a good Alternative and Tonic. Acts di-
 rectly on the stomach, liver and kidneys,
 purifies the blood, cures pimples,
 blotches and boils, and gives a good com-
 plexion. Every bottle guaranteed. Sold
 at Noyes Drug Store, Norway, Me. F.
 Shurtleff's, South Paris. 50 cents per
 bottle.

Good Roads.

'The Gorham Mountaineer makes this
 suggestion to the locations where clay
 can be got:
 "If a road ever occurred to the powers
 that be to try mixing a little clay with
 the gravel or sand that forms the cover-
 ing of most of our highways, and see
 what the result would be?
 "Would it cost an exorbitant sum to
 experiment in this direction? Should it
 prove a good thing, would it not be
 worth something?
 We have heard of splendid roads being
 built of gravel, coal cinders and clay.
 The coal cinders are difficult to get here,
 but why not try a layer of clay over the
 gravel? We have plenty of clay and it
 is not difficult to get.
 "Why not try the experiment?"

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought
 Bears the Signature of
Chas. H. Pritchard.
 Shoulder-Straps.

How to Tell an Officer's Rank in the Navy

Now that so many army and navy offi-
 cers are seen in uniform, many will be glad
 to learn how their rank may be known.
 This is a comparatively easy matter, if
 one understands the full significance of
 shoulder-straps.

In the United States army, the color
 of the cloth of the strap distinguishes
 the various corps, while in the navy, a
 peculiar ornament in addition to the in-
 signia of rank is used to designate the
 corps.

A strap without a bar signifies a Sec-
 ond Lieutenant, the corresponding navy
 grade being the ensign; one bar, First
 Lieutenant in the army and Junior
 Lieutenant in the navy; two bars, Cap-
 tain in the army and Lieutenant in the
 navy; a gold leaf, Major and Lieutenant
 Commander; a silver leaf, Lieutenant
 Colonel and Commander; a silver eagle,
 Colonel and Captain; a gold star, Brig-
 adier General and Commodore; two sil-
 ver stars, Major General and Rear Admi-
 ral; three silver stars, Lieutenant Gen-
 eral and Vice Admiral; four silver stars,
 General and Admiral. Any one who re-
 members these distinctions can tell the
 rank of any officer.

Thinks this Suitable.

A subscriber, who has taken the Ad-
 vertiser and paid for it, lo, these many
 years, hands us the following:—

The Editor's Prayer.

Almighty and kind Father, who doth
 from thy throne look down on the gov-
 ernment of men and delinquent subor-
 ers. Most humbly do we and whisper a
 few things in their ears that the statutes
 forbid us to print. Thou knowest our
 wants, but the subscriber knowest them
 not and seldom stops to inquire. Let it
 be known to them that there are large
 patches in the homestead of our pants,
 and there is an aching void in the front
 of our backs, and that we hunger and
 thirst and he asketh us not to sup with
 him. Thou knowest, Lord, that the sub-
 scriber knoweth it not and careth a
 darn sight less. Thou knowest we are
 cold and the subscriber bringeth not the
 wood he promised, and we are shivering
 and shaking while he roasteth his shins
 before the red hot stove of his mother.
 Tell him all these things, Lord,
 and then if he faileth and bringeth no
 succor, banish him to the lower regions
 to dwell among the calamity howlers,
 and Thine shall be the glory and praise
 throughout newspaper career.
 Amen.—Exchange.

Why are many men like a baby?
 Because they take great delight in a
 bottle.

NORTH BRIDGTON.

Winnie Martin is visiting Sadie Mason
 in Bethel.

Mrs. F. H. Brown is visiting her son
 Walter at West Point.

Mrs. Cora Griffith went to Lewiston,
 Saturday, returning, Tuesday.

Ernest Hall, Bowdoin, '98, is at his pa-
 rental home, also Malcolm Sylvester.

Percy Babb is spending a few days
 with his mother before going to Old Or-
 chard.

Mrs. L. S. Monk has thirteen boarders,
 overseers and teamsters employed on the
 railroad.

Mrs. J. C. Wells and little daughter
 Marion returned from Lawrence and
 Andover, Mass., last week.

Gertrude E. Foster returned from her
 school at Oxford, Saturday, and went to
 Old Orchard, Tuesday. She is again em-
 ployed at the Fisk.

Mrs. Smith, widow of the late Henry
 Smith, died, June 25, at her home here,
 of softening of the brain. She leaves
 two daughters, Annie M. and Emma J.,
 who resided with her.

SOUTH PARIS.

SINCE POLE.—Mrs. Cyrus Millett and
 child from North Woodstock have been
 visiting her sister, Mrs. E. E. Lander.
 Mrs. Lander remains about the same.

Gertrude Shaw was up from Auburn,
 Saturday night.

C. P. Harriman came over from Wat-
 erford, Saturday.

E. E. Lander and A. D. Wing visited
 relatives and friends in Woodstock, Sat-
 urday and Sunday.

Mrs. M. L. Rowe and her sister Edna
 went to Rumford, and the horse was
 taken sick and died.

Mrs. Anna Tubbs came to see her
 cousin, Mrs. Abbie Mixer. Mrs. Mixer
 went home with her to make a visit.

No. 4 HILL.—Lina Shaw passed away,
 Friday noon, June 24. Funeral at the
 house, Sunday at 1 o'clock p. m. He
 was buried at Riverside Cemetery, South
 Paris.

Mrs. Eunice Corbett has been visiting
 her son, Andy.

Julia Shaw and husband were at her
 father's, Sunday.

Clint Shaw and his children came up
 from Auburn, Sunday, to attend his
 uncle's, Lina Shaw's, funeral.

Bert and Cad Foster were at their un-
 cle's, A. O. Corbett's, Saturday and Sun-
 day. Their grandmother Corbett went
 home with them.

ELM HILL.—Lena Twitchell is visit-
 ing her sister, Mrs. Irving York, in Can-
 ton.

W. K. Clifford is building the new
 road around "Stevens' Ledge."

Mrs. F. H. Packard of West Paris and
 Clara Swift of South Paris called on
 friends here, Saturday.

Chandler Swift will work in haying
 for H. L. Swift, and Carl Stuart and S.
 R. Hollis for H. P. Ellis.

E. E. Lovell and wife have been to
 Auburn to visit their son. Their grand-
 daughter Beatrice returned with them.

Mrs. Arvilla Bryant of Woodstock vis-
 ited her brother, A. G. Dudley, last
 week. Mrs. Bryant is 91 and unusually
 smart for her age.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts,
 Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum,
 Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands,
 Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions
 and positively cures Piles, or no pay
 required. It is guaranteed to give per-
 fect satisfaction or money refunded.
 Price 25 cents per box. Sold by the
 A. O. Noyes & Co. Drug Store, Norway,
 and F. A. Shurtleff of South Paris.

Bangles for the Gay Girl.

The patriotic bangle is a band of red,
 white and blue enameled silver, hung
 with charms in the shape of cannons,
 flags and little men-of-war.

Jewel bangles of fine gold wire jingle
 with little pendent beads of moonstones,
 imitation opals, emeralds and turquoises.

Bangles for the athletic girl are made
 of the silver fishing line twisted round
 a silver ring pole, of golf clubs bent
 into a circle of ropes with an anchor
 clasp, and even in the shape of bicycle
 tires and tennis rackets with elongated
 handles.

Shakespeare bangles are pretty birth-
 day gifts. They are narrow, thin rims
 of polished silver, with an inscription in
 raised old English lettering on the slender
 band of metal. The inscriptions are
 quotations from the immortal William's
 plays, and of course the bangle is given
 to the person to whom it is given.

In place of the old-time coin bangle
 the superstitious maid wears a good-luck
 bangle. Each charm has a special sig-
 nificance. Its little diamond-studded
 Buddha will make her wise; the finely
 chiseled statuette of St. Joseph will
 cause her love affairs to prosper; the fat
 silver pig will bring untold wealth, and
 the frog will bring health and happiness.

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought
 Bears the Signature of
Chas. H. Pritchard.
 Catherine Parker of Cornish has been
 granted a pension \$5.

Rev. A. S. Ladd of Augusta, is the
 Prohibition nominee for governor of the
 State of Maine. A. S. Wheeler of Au-
 burn was nominated for Representative
 to Congress for the second district.

Hon. Samuel L. Lord of Saco as the
 Democratic nominee for governor of the
 State of Maine. The officers chosen for
 Oxford county were A. M. Otis, Rumford
 Falls, convention vice-president; T. S.
 Bridgman, Buckfield, committee on res-
 olutions, and State committee.

The July number of the New England
 Magazine opens with "The Story of the
 Isles of Shoals," by Mrs. Auburine
 Woodward Moore. This is a delightful
 summer article, setting forth the increas-
 ing history of the islands, telling of the
 spots which are so attractive to those
 who visit the Shoals, and dwelling es-
 pecially upon the days when the gra-
 cious presence of Celia Thaxter drew so
 many to their shores.

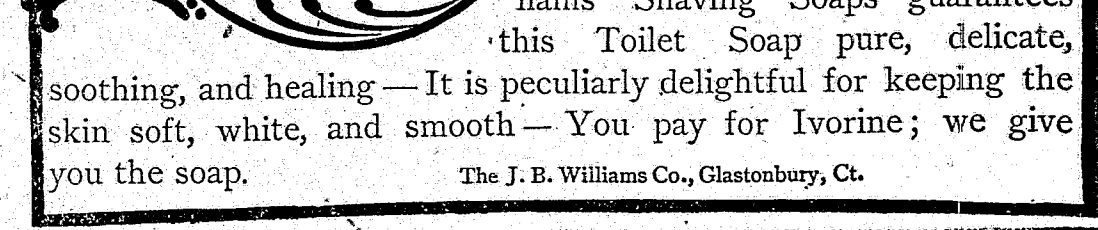
In another column is advertised a mill
 property for sale in Berlin, N. H.

IVORINE WASHING POWDER

A wonderful cleanser for all household work.

When you Wash the Baby use the cake of White Glycerine Toilet Soap found in each package of Ivoryine. The fame of Williams' Shaving Soaps guarantees this Toilet Soap pure, delicate, soothing, and healing—it is peculiarly delightful for keeping the skin soft, white, and smooth—you pay for Ivoryine; we give you the soap.

The J. B. Williams Co., Glasgowbury, Ct.

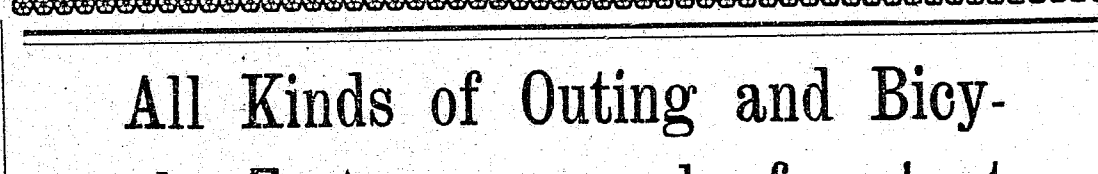


WORMS IN CHILDREN.

Hundreds of children have worms, but their parents doctor them for nearly everything else. The best Worm Remedy made, and likewise the best Remedy for all the complaints of children, such as Febrile, Nervous, Costiveness, Indigestion, Sour Stomach, etc., is

TRUE'S Pin Worm ELIXIR

Its efficacy in such troubles—and likewise for all stomach troubles of adults has never been equalled. It has been a household remedy for 46 years. Fully vegetable and harmless. Price 35 cents. Ask your Druggist for it. DR. J. F. TRUE & CO., Auburn, Me. Write for book.



All Kinds of Out

CASINCA.

By WILL LISENBEE.

(Copyright, 1896, by American Press Association.)

CHAPTER I.

I will begin my story with my first meeting with Martin Buford at the old White Oak inn. I can never tell how it came about that we became friends, for there was nothing about his personality to attract one. On the contrary, there was an air of reserve and coldness about him that served more to repel than to attract. He was scarcely past 30, yet there were lines of care upon his slim, pallid face and streaks of gray in his dark hair that gave him the appearance of being much older.

At first we scarcely spoke to each other as we met, and for weeks I did not exchange a dozen words with him. It was late in August, and most of the summer guests had departed from the inn. The sleepy little village of Glenville, in whose border stood the White Oak inn, seemed to relapse into a state of chronic inactivity at the flight of summer boarders from its precincts, and in spite of the resolution I had made to enjoy the quiet and restful influence of the place till the last of September I found myself more than once longing to be away from the dull, stupid place.

I am a physician and surgeon, but having inherited a handsome fortune from a deceased uncle shortly after beginning to practice I am not compelled to follow my profession as a means of gaining a livelihood. However, I did not abandon the practice of medicine, but having associated myself with another physician I find more time for rest and study. I do not know how I came to select Glenville as a place to spend my summer's vacation. Perhaps it was the seclusion that the little out of the way nook offered, or perhaps it was the abundance of trout to be found in the streams of that locality, for I must confess to being an enthusiastic wielder of the rod and reel.

But what had induced Martin Buford to take up his abode in that secluded place was only a matter of conjecture. He never left the inn and spent most of his time in the close retirement of his own apartments. Sometimes he would sit on the veranda in the evening and read for hours, seeming utterly oblivious to his surroundings. Who he was, what he was or whence he had come no one seemed to know. He came about a week after my arrival at the White Oak inn and engaged apartments for an indefinite period. He brought with him several heavy trunks and a large, queer looking box of prodigious weight, which had greatly excited the curiosity and wonder of the servants at the inn, but just what the box contained no one had been permitted to discover. It was conveyed to the stranger's room, and from that day no one excepting himself was permitted to enter.

One afternoon as I walked out on to the veranda for the purpose of looking over the morning papers, which had just arrived from the city, I saw Mr. Buford sitting in an easy chair at the far end, an open book in his lap. He was not reading, and as his gaze encountered me he half rose from his seat, but sinking back he made a sudden motion with his hand for me to take a seat in a chair that stood near him. Throwing myself into the chair, I waited for him to speak.

"Dr. Mansfield," he said after a pause, laying his finger upon the title page of the book lying in his lap, "what is your opinion of the theories advanced in works of this character? You are a man of science and have doubtless given some thought to this subject."

He glanced quickly at me as he spoke, and I could see that there was an eager light shining in his eyes, though he spoke with great composure. I glanced at the title page of the book and saw that it was Mrs. Blavatsky's "Isis Unveiled."

"I have given very little thought to the subject," I replied. He arose and paced uneasily up and down the veranda a few moments without uttering a word. At length he re-seated himself, and taking up the book from the floor, where it had fallen when he arose, he said:

"I suppose you will think my conduct strange, but if you understood my reason for studying such subjects as those treated in this book you would not be surprised that I have shown some emotion. I began my study with the hope that in this new idea I might in some way find relief from the agony and despair that are driving me to the verge of insanity. Yet I must say to you that nothing short of a most wonderful miracle can bring about the desired result."

He paused abruptly, leaned back in his chair and seemed utterly oblivious to his surroundings. I did not reply to his rather strange and incoherent speech, but sat regarding him fixedly for several moments. At first I had been greatly puzzled at his words and manner, but now it flashed upon me that he was either the victim of a strong hallucination or was affected with insanity. I had met with almost similar cases in my practice, and I was resolved to make a study of this one.

After remaining silent for several moments he turned to me suddenly and said:

"Since you are not disposed to discuss the matter I have in mind from a supernatural standpoint, I should like to ask if there is known to medical science any means by which the human body which has been transformed into stone, either by natural causes or by a sudden visitation of Providence, could be again restored to life?"

I did not reply to his question immediately, for it had served to confirm in my mind the opinion I had formed regarding his mental condition. I saw at once that nothing could be gained by combating his ideas, however absurd they might be, and I decided to frame my answer accordingly.

"I hardly know how to reply to your question," I answered. "It has generally been conceded by members of the medical profession that whenever

life becomes positively extinct from any cause it is beyond mortal power to restore it to the body, yet we all know that even men of science commit the gravest errors, and there may yet be discovered by some great explorer in the world of science some method by which life may be restored to the deceased body."

"And you think such a thing may be possible?" he cried eagerly, strange emotions depicted upon his hollow countenance.

"In this age of progress and discovery," I said, willing to humor him, "we can never tell what is not possible."

He arose and took my hand in his own, a bright light shining in his eyes. "I thank you for the spark of hope your words have given me," he said, with much feeling. Then, turning, he walked from the veranda and entered his own room, locking the door behind him.

As I reflected over his strange words and manner I was led to believe that he was laboring under some serious mental disorder, yet I could hardly bring myself to believe him insane and was rather inclined to attribute his strange conduct to the effect of a hallucination. I communicated my impressions to the landlord of the inn, asking that the matter of investigating the mystery that surrounded the strange lodger be left with me. Mr. Peters was much surprised at my views and expressed a ready willingness to allow the whole affair to rest in my hands, charging me, however, to use the greatest caution in my dealings with this man, who might, as he thought, become violent at any moment.

I saw little of Mr. Buford for the next few days and the subject we had been discussing was not referred to. However, I conversed with him on a few occasions and was much surprised at his familiarity with abstruse subjects. He displayed a wide range of reading and a marvelous faculty for analyzing and interpreting the most perplexing and obscure passages in the works he had read. The more I saw of him the more I was attracted to him. That he had traveled extensively I soon learned from his conversation, though in referring to interesting places he had visited he made no reference to himself.

One evening about dusk he came to me and said that he had something of importance to say to me and invited me to a seat by him on the veranda.

"I suppose you have been somewhat surprised at my conduct," he began, "but when you have heard the story of my life, which I shall now attempt to lay before you, you will then understand and sympathize with my wretched condition. I have explored every avenue of science as well as I was able and have investigated those theories that are claimed by their originators to be superior to science, but have only met with disappointment."

He paused here and for several moments sat as if absorbed in deep thought. Presently he continued, "I am fully conscious of the intrusion of my story, but somehow I have a desire to confide in you, impelled by a vague and faint hope that you can in some manner assist me. Let me begin at the first, that you may have the whole story."

"I am 31 years old and was born in the city of Boston. I am a sculptor, and ten years ago I went to Europe to pursue my studies. I spent much of my time in Florence and Rome, where I made a study of the works of the world's greatest sculptors. After seven years of work and study in Rome and Florence I quit Italy and went to Paris, but after a month's stay in the French capital I went to the island of Corsica and took up my abode in the quaint and picturesque city of Bastia. Charmed with the romantic and delightful place, I resolved to spend a year there in rest and enjoyment. Here I first met and made the acquaintance of Casinca Pinelli. She was the daughter of a poor fruit vender and was scarcely 17 years of age. Never before had I beheld such marvelous beauty in woman. Her form and face were perfection, her eyes dark and lustrous, and her complexion was of that exquisite ivory whiteness and delicate coloring so rarely seen outside her own country."

"From the very moment that I first beheld her I was drawn to her as if by some subtle witchery, and within a



"A white robed figure emerged from the house."

week after I first saw her I had grown to love her with all the strength of my soul. At certain times in the day she would come and assist her father in his little fruit stall, and at such times I would haunt the place to catch a glimpse of her, often stopping to make purchases and frequently to converse with her and her father, both of whom, as I was delighted to find, could speak English quite fluently.

"I learned subsequently that old Pinelli had once been wealthy and had spent some years with his family in England."

"I shall not go into the details of how my acquaintance with father and daughter grew into the warmest friendship. Suffice it to say that I soon became a frequent and welcome visitor to their home. They dwelt in a picturesque stone structure just beyond the limits of the town on the road to San Elencoro—a beautiful and romantic spot with dense forests stretching down the mountain side to the sea, the silver gray of the olive groves contrasting pleasantly

with the deep green of the chestnut foliage.

"As the days went by my love for Casinca grew to an intense passion so wild and ungovernable that I was utterly miserable when not in her company, and when at last I learned that my love was reciprocated and that she would become my wife, I felt such a thrill of passionate joy sweep through my soul as to render me oblivious to all things save that the crowning desire of my life was now to find fruition!"

"It was just a week before the time fixed for my marriage with Casinca that a most strange incident occurred. I had sought my lodgings and retired early that night. I had been asleep but a short time when I had a most startling dream. In my dream, which was so intensely real as to make a deep impression upon me, I saw the interior of the Pinelli dwelling. It appeared that the moonlight was shining in at an open window and falling upon a couch where reposed the form of Casinca Pinelli. She was fast asleep, one white bare arm, from which the loose flowing sleeve had fallen back, thrown across her breast, the intensely white moonlight seeming to glorify the beauty of her face.

"As I gazed entranced at the vision of loveliness, I seemed to hear a footstep in the room and the next instant the dark form of a strange man entered; a blood stained dagger in his hand. The sight gave me such a start that I rushed forward, a loud cry upon my lips. Then I awoke and sat bolt upright in my bed, hardly able to realize that it had all been a dream. So vivid and startling an impression did it make upon me that I got up and hastily drew on my clothes and went out. The moonlight was flooding the town, rendering it almost as light as day. It was past 10 o'clock and few people were astir.

"I tried to shake off the effects of my strange dream, but could not do so, and moved by a sudden impulse I walked rapidly through the street and turned in the direction of the Pinelli home, filled with a vague, inadmissible sense of danger that threatened the one I loved."

"I passed quickly through the town and was soon making my way up the pathlike road that led up the rugged hill. A few storm beaten larch trees grew along the rocky verge of a deep ravine upon my left, from which came the sound of waters leaping from precipitous rocks. Just a short distance ahead now, surrounded by a grove of rowan trees, I could see the gray walls of the Pinelli house. It was wrapped in silence, and the black shadows of the trees which hung across its walks gave it a weird and ghostly appearance. I stood for several moments gazing at the building as if to assure myself that no evil threatened the inmates; then as I was about to retrace my steps, convinced that my fears had only been imaginary, I saw the dark form of a man steal from the house and run swiftly down the path a few yards, then dart into the thick grove of trees.

"Alarmed at what I had seen, I hurried toward the building, a vague fear at my heart. As I drew near the white figure emerged from the house and staggered down the path. It was Casinca Pinelli. As I hurried forward to meet her I saw her stagger forward and with a low, agonized cry sink in a heap upon the ground. In a moment I had reached her side and was bending over her. She was clothed only in her night garments, which looked deadly white in the light of the moon. As I stooped over her I saw that her face was as pale as death and that her garments were stained with blood."

CHAPTER II. "A sickening deadly fear that she had been murdered came over me," continued the strange lodger after a slight pause. "I lifted her up and bore her into the house. As I entered the door a fearful sight met my gaze. Lying upon the floor by an open window I saw the girl's father, an awful knife wound in his breast, his eyes wide open and glazed in death."

"Half crazed at the awful sight, I hurriedly deposited my burden upon a couch. As I did so she showed signs of recovering, and opening her eyes at last and stared vacantly about her. Then, seeming to realize what had happened, she uttered an agonized cry and covered her face with her hands."

"Oh, my poor father! They have murdered him! They have murdered him!" She arose, and staggering across the room threw herself upon the dead body of her father, moaning piteously. Realizing now that a mystery was committed, and the necessity of immediate action if the escape of the criminal was to be prevented, I knelt quickly by the girl's side.

"Who has done this deed? For heaven's sake, speak quick!" I cried, lifting the girl gently from the floor. She gazed at me in a bewildered manner.

"It was the Balacocs," she said. "There is a terrible vendetta between that family and ours. They have sworn to kill my father, and they have kept their oath. It is now the house of Pinelli's turn to seek vengeance."

To be continued.

Glimpses of the War.

The Egyptian government decided to notify Admiral Camara that his fleet must leave Port Said as it is violating neutrality.

The battle of Santiago opened, July 1st. The engagement lasted from 8 a. m. till sundown. Four hundred killed and wounded Americans.

July 1. Admiral Camara passed through the Suez canal apparently on his way to the Philippines.

Rats in Siam.

The writer was astonished on visiting the house of the inhabitants of Siang (says a traveler) to see a huge rat walking quietly around the room and crawling up the master's legs in a cool, familiar manner. Instead of repulsing it or giving an alarm he took it up in his hand and caressed it and then we learned for the first time, to our utter astonishment, that it was a custom in Siang to keep pet rats. These are taken very young and carefully reared until they attain a monstrous size, from good and plentiful feeding.

WILSON'S MILLS.

School closed June 24th. Dr. E. C. Walker and brother of Norway were in town, Thursday.

Master Albert Taylor and Willie Drake of Boston have arrived at Fred Taylor's to spend their summer vacation. Steamboat inspectors were up from Portland to look over the new steamboat The Bobbat, built by the Farmacheene Club.

J. C. and R. S. Bean are building a camp for Wm. B. Garfield of Boston, who has spent his annual vacation here for the past twenty years.

Rev. Wm. C. Landon of Pennsylvania spoke to the people in the interest of the Sunday school, Tuesday evening. He is traveling missionary for American S. S. Union.

Tuesday evening, June 21, Mr. and Mrs. Ethel Leavitt of Magalloway, Plantation celebrated their golden wedding. Several went from this town. A pleasant evening to all present. A very nice treat of lemonade, fruit and nuts, was passed to guests and later, ice cream and cake that could not be excelled.

NORTHWEST NORWAY.

Dr. Walker has sold a cow to John Judkins.

Miss Hamlin, the teacher in the McIntire District, recently visited at Dr. Walker's.

Lillian Anderson has gone to Bridgton Highlands to work for Mrs. Hazen Morrison in a boarding house.

Miss E. J. Clark of Norway Lake visited his son Walter, since the latter's return from Lewiston where he went with a load of poultry.

The teacher in the Chapel District called on Mrs. Alice Rolfe, Mrs. Orin Brown and Mrs. E. J. Holt, accompanied by Mrs. C. A. Frost.

The Taxes Are Permanent.

This generation of Americans has been to a great extent free from the heavy burdens of taxation which people of other nations have been compelled to pay to support their governments. The war of the rebellion left us with an immense debt which for a time necessitated a comprehensive system of internal taxation, but the debt was rapidly reduced and the taxes were abolished until only those upon liquor and tobacco remained; and during the past quarter of a century, notwithstanding our liberal pension list, which calls for about one hundred and fifty millions a year, scarcely any citizen has felt that he was taxed to pay the expenses of the general government. This has been due partly to our policy of staying on our own territory, minding our own business and relying for safety upon our position and the consciousness of our latent strength.

During this we had no reason to fear an attack by any foreign foe. No other nation dared attempt an invasion of the United States, or any assault upon us which would rouse the slumbering energies of our people. The republic stood alone, independent, invulnerable and unconquerable, and the world knew it. We had no need of a great standing army or a costly navy. We were not called upon to support expensive colonial governments. We were at peace; safe from war and free to figure expenses upon a peace basis.

But "manifest destiny" has changed all this. In the name of humanity we have begun a war which is rapidly developing into a campaign for conquest, and which, in the opinion of conservative men, will cost a billion dollars before it ends. We are about to inaugurate a new policy which has for its purpose the subjugation and control of more than 2000 island colonies, scattered through two oceans, off our shores and in the uttermost parts of the earth.

To hold these and protect them against foreign aggression and the uprising of their turbulent and half civilized people will require an army and very several times as large and five or six times as expensive as we have maintained, and to this will be added the cost of the colonial civil establishments and the pensions to soldiers of the present war, making a total which cannot be paid out of the war taxes just imposed for many years.

If, when Spain says for peace, we conclude to trade the territory to her, or to any other nation, for a money indemnity we may of course square the account, but we shall have to pay the war taxes, but upon the assumption that we are to hold and govern Cuba, Porto Rico, the Philippines, and perhaps one or two other eastern archipelagoes, we may as well conclude that the new taxes have come to stay, for the 200 millions more or less which they will produce in addition to the ordinary revenue will be required to settle Uncle Sam's bills and keep him solvent.

It may be an investment. Yankee enterprise may develop industries and establish trade in our new possessions the profits of which will sometime balance the expenses of extending our dominions and entering upon a new career of imperialism, and posterity may recoup the money we are to pay from the natives, after we have civilized them, but the war taxes will not be abolished or greatly modified in the near future.—Mirror.

Otisfield Centennial.

I wonder how many in this town remember that this is Otisfield's centennial year. As we let it pass without any notice? Why not have a rousing celebration some time in September, and invite home the absent ones to join with us? Won't some public spirited citizen start the ball? I am sure the ladies would do their part in getting up a big dinner and we could have a good time once in a hundred years.

Advertised Letters, Norway. Lizzie Sawyer, Lillian Lawrence, Mrs. Marion Cortwell, Isabella Barney, John Richard.

In the Junior exhibition at Westbrook Seminary, Mary Elizabeth Bartlett of Bryant's Pond had an essay, "The Study of Myth," and Etta Louise Bartlett a recitation "The work that is best."

Malaria Cured by Pe-ru-na.

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